

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

Solitude.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not heed your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all,
There are none to dole your neasured wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you to live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on,
Through the narrow aisle of pain.

—Ella Wheeler.

STORY TELLER.

EQUALITY OF PARTNERSHIP.

Aunt Laura came down, fresh and bright, from the little guest chamber, seated herself in the inviting little sewing chair, and began to unfasten her stick of braid preparatory to increasing the roll of ric-rac in her lap.

"I have long wanted to visit you in your new home," she said to young Laura; "and am only too glad to gratify my desire."

"It was very good of you to come here first," said Laura gratefully; "if Kate once had you she wouldn't leave me ever so little piece of a visit, and I do want a chance to show off some of my relatives," with a little laugh and a heightening of the girlish color; "nearly all of Frank's uncles, cousins and aunts have been here and scarcely one of my friends."

The elder lady glanced around the trim, bright little room, with the first gloss of its wedding finery worn off, and the contented, homelike look worn on, and said, thoughtfully: "You have reason to be thankful for your mercies; I think you are very comfortably settled here."

"Oh! yes, very," replied young Laura, animatedly; "and Frank's business is improving greatly. He said he could not have chosen a better location."

A slight pause ensued, in which Aunt Laura's deft fingers traveled round and round the wheels, and young Laura watched her contentedly.

"It is just a pleasure to watch you, Aunt Laura," she exclaimed. "You work as if you loved to."

"And why not, my dear? I have never found idle hands happy ones. This is such easy visiting work. You see, I can talk as well as not; there is no counting stitches, as in lace work."

"I don't like it because it doesn't signify," said Laura. "I like work that makes me feel that I have accomplished something when it is finished."

Aunt Laura smiled. "That sounds just like the Laura of old. By the way, what are you going to have new this fall?"

"Nothing much," answered Laura, a little doubtfully. "I think I can get along pretty well with what I have."

"Ah! yes," said Aunt Laura, significantly; "let us see! What have you?" "Well," said Laura, still hesitating, "I should not have thought once that I could make what I have do, but now I feel that I must. We are trying to save something," she added, by way of explanation.

Aunt Laura glanced at her niece keenly, and then answered lightly: "I see! Have you and Frank been making a compact? Is he to limit himself in neckties if you will limit yourself in dresses?"

"Oh! no," answered Laura, coloring a little, "there hasn't anything been said about it, but I have been thinking that I must get along more cheaply than I ever have if we are to save much."

"Was your father a rich man, Laura?"

"Why, no, indeed! Auntie we weren't out of debt, that I ever remember, while I lived in my father's house."

"Did you ever go shabbily dressed—your oldie or Alice?"

"No-o, I don't think we ever did; we used to think, sometimes, that we couldn't have as much as other girls, but when we needed anything it was always forthcoming. But I never thought much about where the money came from then."

"Is your husband worth as much as your father was?"

"Yes, auntie," said Laura, considerably; "I think Frank must be as well off as papa now."

"Didn't you say your income was increasing?"

"Why, yes, but then we want to have a margin for increased investment."

Aunt Laura smiled meaningfully at the evident repetition of the last words.

"And so you will help your husband form habits which are hurtful both to himself and you—habits that you would do anything one day to destroy."

Laura opened her eyes in wide wonder.

"My dear, the very beginning of one's married life is the time to fix habits for the future. Too often, as you begin, you must go on. Human beings are not angels, however angelic lovers may be, and a little cool common sense, though exercised entirely out of sight, often molds a delightful future where the lack of it must mar one."

"Go on, auntie; I'm open to conviction."

"Seriously, then, there is no reason why you should neglect your appearance. Your husband has not lost his enjoyment of a well-dressed woman because he is married. By well-dressed, understand me, I do not mean unreasonably or extravagantly dressed, but neatly and appropriately, according to the season and the styles."

"I really do not think that Frank cares as much about my looks as he used to, for he seldom seems to notice what I have on now, and once he saw something to please in even a knot of ribbon or coil of hair. So if I save all I can I think he will love me as well as if I wore pretty dresses and dainty laces, as I used to."

Aunt Laura shook her head. Laura looked up wonderfully. "Why, I thought we were doing very well, and I was entertaining most sensible ideas. Haven't I heard lectures innumerable of the folly of living up to everything as you go along?"

"You mistake me, my dear. I do believe in a right, wise, just economy. Nothing is more foolish than to spend as fast as you earn. Nothing, also, is more prejudicial to your best interests, than certain false ideas which you, I see, in common with the most of womankind, appear to entertain. You have a wise, generous husband—see that you keep him so."

"I don't understand you yet, auntie. Frank always gives me money, as much as I want. I often do not take what he offers me, because I think I do not need it."

"Ah! Frank gives you money, does he? He is very generous. What becomes of the money you earn?"

"I don't earn any, Aunt Laura. I wish I could. I have often wished that I could take in sewing and earn something myself, but I haven't the least talent in that direction. I do think a woman feels more independent to have money of her own."

"God forbid!" said Aunt Laura, solemnly. "The woman who turns her home into a shop, except to earn her daily bread, is unworthy the honor of wifehood. But how is it that you earn no money? You do not keep a girl?"

"Oh! no, I should think it extravagant with only two in the family."

"You save a girl's board, then, and earn her wages at least."

"Oh! yes if you put it in that way, but I never looked at it so."

"No, of course not. You loved Frank well enough to think that it would be a pleasure to work for him all your days, and his affection for you made him feel that he would enjoy buying bonnets and dresses and shoes for you all his life. You would have thought it mercenary to even hint of dollars and cents. Love's largest counts no debts. All the same, marriage is a partnership in the very closest, highest sense, and the man who stingily does out a few dollars as a gift to his wife, or the woman who sues cringingly as a beggar for what she has justly earned, are both sadly mistaken. I leave it to you if Frank's success as a business man does not depend upon you as much as upon himself."

"Certainly! I have heard it said that a woman can throw out more with a spoon than a man throws in with a shovel."

"If Frank should take an office boy, and he should be punctual and faithful, his duties always well and rightly done, he would be considered

to have justly earned his wage, whatever they might be."

"I understand so far, auntie. Go on!"

"Well, then, when you and Frank became partners for life, a certain portion of the work became his and another certain portion yours. He goes to his work every day—earnest, faithful, zealous—you stay here to yours no less so. Do you not then earn a share of the income as much as he does? If he had a partner in business he would never think of questioning whether a part of the proceeds belonged to him. There is such a thing as justice and common sense in marriage partnership as well as in business ones."

"These are new thoughts to me," said young Laura, slowly. "Of course I suppose that, looking at it practically, I do have a right to think of it as earned by me. But I have always expected to work all my life, and take what Frank chose to give me, and I have congratulated myself on having a better husband in this respect than many women."

"Just so; now don't spoil him. It is shameful to see some women manage to get a little money when they must have it. One woman said to me: 'I've got to have some money to-day, and I'm going to have an extra good dinner, and then afterward, while John feels good-natured, coax it out of him'—as if a man was a savage beast, to be cajoled only when his stomach is full. And, more than all, she said it without any apparent perception of the humiliation of such proceedings, remarking, as she came in with her roll of bills: 'I told you I'd get it. I know how to manage him.' Alas! that so many men have to be managed, if women get in the smallest degree what justly belongs to them."

"I have seen a great many such instances myself," said Laura, "but I never supposed it could be helped."

"Not entirely, perhaps, while the generous opinion prevails that a man generously gives a woman whatever she has, but in individual instances much may be accomplished by a wise beginning."

"It is just this I don't understand, auntie. How can any one help what is? A selfish man will be selfish, and a generous man liberal. How can any beginning make a difference?"

"It seems to me that it not only can, but will. There is never a time when a man feels that all he has and is belongs to his wife, as when he has just won her for his own. Nothing seems too much, then, to show his love and appreciation. Now, if from the first his generous bestowal of money be accepted as a matter of course, or if, as different men have different ideas of such things, one is careful to make known one's own needs without any false pride or shame, it will be possible to establish a habit which will not be easily broken. Begin by talking over your economies together, wisely deciding upon them, and let them be practiced by both if you would sow seeds that shall blossom into a happy future. Do not attempt to take them upon yourself, alone and unknown to him, and so fit yourself for a position you will be likely to fall into—that of a mere pensioner on your husband's bounty, to whom a few dollars are thrown for decency's sake, as one throws a bone to a hungry dog."

"O auntie! you are mistaken. Frank would never treat me like that if I never asked for a cent in my life."

"Frank will become just such a man in these matters as you educate him to be. You have always heard it said 'as the twig is bent the tree is inclined'—so be careful of these little twigs, that will grow into trees before you are aware, and bear either blossoms or thorns for your gathering some day."

"I see you think I speak unadvisedly," she continued. "I shall have to give you a chapter from my experience. When Harry and I were married we went to housekeeping on a smaller income than you have. I had been a teacher, you remember, and, with a pride which some girls have, had furnished myself throughout with a complete outfit, and still had some money left—for trinkets," mother said. But I mentally resolved that it should be some time before Harry had to spend money on me. My dresses were all of good material, and I had carefully avoided pronounced styles, so that they would not soon be out of fashion. I had a stock of gloves, laces and ribbons, and so really for a long time I had little use for money,

and when I had I used my own. Just about the time when my wardrobe needed to be renovated, baby came, and I was more closely pinned at home than I had been, so I told myself that really it wasn't so much matter how I looked, if I were only neat and clean, and that Harry would love me as well in calico and delaine as in cashmere and silk; and so, no doubt, he would—and better, too, if he had seen the necessity and appreciated the reason. Once or twice during the first six months Harry had said:

"Well, little woman, isn't it about time you had something new! Money doesn't count for much unless you help me spend it."

"And I, proud of my independence, as I foolishly called it, assured him that I didn't need anything, and that money was made to keep as well as to spend. The last time, he replied:

"Why, what an inexpensive, saving little woman it is! Well, we'll keep it, since you won't help spend it, and when you want any just say so."

"But clothes will wear out, and at last the time drew near when my wardrobe must be remodeled and replenished. My own money was gone, and I began to think it queer that Harry did not see my need, and to feel aggrieved that he did not."

"I should think the blindest man on earth must know that clothes will not wear forever, I would say to myself bitterly; and, as the days went on, I nursed this feeling, and a little hard spot grew in my heart against the man I loved so well. I moped at home instead of going out with him as I had done, because I was too shabby to be decent, and I hoped that he would see the reason; but he never appeared to notice."

"At last my necessities became so pressing that I saw I must ask for money, hard as it was. I turned the words over in my mind a dozen ways, wondering how I should say it—putting it this way and that, but finding one way no easier than another. It makes me smile now when I remember how my heart throbbed, my cheeks burned, and I trembled all over with excitement at the mere saying that I wanted what was really mine; but, like you, I did not see things rightly until taught by experience."

"That evening, plunging into the subject by a desperate effort, without stopping to think, I said: 'I shall have to have some money, Harry.'"

"He laid down his paper, took out his pocket-book, and tossed a roll of bills into my lap without a word. It seemed easy enough, but my heart was sore for days with the humiliation of being compelled to ask."

"It had always been my habit to get good material when I bought any, as more economical in the end; but I needed so many things that I was fain to get cheaper articles that my money might go farther. But, in spite of my best efforts, the silver paper would not cover the basket, and I was obliged to have more. This time the asking was easier, but the surprised, half ungracious look that came into Harry's face, smote me like a blow and roused my indignation up to that degree that I said, sharply:

"I shouldn't need so much if you had ever thought to give me any before everything I have was worn out. Sensitive to a fault, he was hurt by my tone and manner, and answered coldly: 'I have told you to ask for what you wanted. It is a marvel if one woman in the world is sensitive about asking for money.'"

"These unjust words exasperated me afresh, but I felt that I had been very unwise in my own remark, and that the fewer words about these matters the better."

"One day, some time after this, when the gloss had worn off my cheap attire, making it look older than it really was, Harry and I were walking out, when we met a lady whom we both knew slightly and whose husband was no better off than Harry. She was tastefully dressed in the latest style and best fabric, and there was about her that quiet, self-possessed air that comes from consciousness of being suitably dressed. While I was comparing myself with her, and wondering how my husband would like it if I should dress like that, Harry remarked: 'What exquisite taste Mrs. Moore has, and how well she looks to-day!'

Swift as thought I answered: 'I presume I could look as well as she does if I spent as much money.'"

"I should think you had spent enough to make a better appearance than you do," he answered with a critical glance.

"The words hurt just as sorely as if he had known the reason of my ex-

periment, and I could not have spoken without tears; so I wisely said nothing, but laid up his remarks to be studied at leisure. I saw plainly that he admired a pretty appearance as much as ever, and that he still observed it in others. Could he be altogether blind to the lack of it in me? My husband's good opinion was worth more to me than anything else in the world. Was I securing, or even retaining it?"

"The result of much thinking was that I resolved to prepare a surprise for him when winter came. Once again I would indulge my taste, which he had so often assured me was excelled by none, and delight him with a wife as faultlessly appareled as Mrs. Moore. The whole thing should be kept a profound secret and the bills sent in afterward."

"When everything was complete I waited for some occasion which would require its exhibition. One evening when we were going out to call I arrayed myself in it, and came down expecting to be thoroughly praised and commended."

"Instead of surprise and delight, I read in his face astonishment and consternation, and his dismay broke forth in the little phrase: 'Whew! What did all that cost?' Vexed and disappointed as I was, I retained my self-control, and answered lightly: 'Oh, money, of course'—took his arm, and went on. You should have heard the lecture he read me that night on the sin of extravagance. But I had taken my resolution, and allowed no word of his to provoke me to answer. When he had finished I said calmly:

"I presume I have spent no more money than Mrs. Moore, whom you admired so thoroughly the other day."

"This closed the subject, and it was never referred to again. But I saw my folly, and resolved at any cost to cure both him and myself."

Aunt Laura paused, and a little smile crept into the corners of her mouth.

"Go on, auntie. How did you succeed? I want to know all about it."

"I do not think your Uncle Harry is or ever will be the same in these matters that he would have been if I had been wise in the beginning, by putting pride behind me and going earnestly and systematically to work in my reform, I succeeded measurably well."

"However, I always feel like warning young people to begin right and save themselves much trouble and sorrow. Do not feel like a pauper and shiver at the thought of asking for that which justly belongs to you—if you must ask. No man ought ever to compel his wife to ask for money. He should see that she is supplied regularly as himself."

"The reason that this duty is so often neglected lies away in the home training of boys and girls. Boys are nearly always given an allowance or allowed to have certain shares for spending, but girls are expected to be entirely dependent on their father's pocketbook, without a cent which they can justly call their own, and this, too, when they work as earnestly and as faithfully in the home-field as the boys."

"Consequently the one grows up accustomed to being dependent, and the other grows up accustomed to seeing them so. These things ought not so to be, my dear. There should always be equality in partnership. If women are not as good financiers as men—as is sometimes said—it is because they have never had the chance to be. Many of them, with their small opportunities, are better."

"Well, auntie," said Laura, "you have certainly given me many new thoughts. I will try to use such of them as apply to my case. In our family we always asked papa for everything, and sometimes we had to coax pretty hard; but I did not know as there was any other way, so I just took things as I found them."

"Oh, dear," soliloquized Aunt Laura, as young Laura went out to put on the kettle for tea; "why shouldn't people use common sense in this as well as in other matters in life? Why should a man who takes a partner for a few years see to it that he has his fair, just dues, and when he takes one for life, think she must take just what he chooses to give her and ask no questions, and betray no dissatisfaction? Well, well! it is one of life's insoluble riddles."

CALMNESS OF TRUTH.

Calmness is truth,
And truth is calmness still;
Truth lifts its forehead to the storm,
Like some eternal hill.

THE EXPRESS BUSINESS.

About forty-four years ago, there was a news-room in Wall Street, New York, which was a famous resort for the merchants and ship-owners of those days. It was managed by Mr. James W. Hale, who afterwards started a postal system in opposition to the government.

Mr. Hale's customers often wanted to send small parcels to Boston and Providence, and he suggested to a young man who was out of employment that the latter should travel between New York and those cities, carrying letters and parcels and doing errands for business men. Mr. Hale also suggested that the new enterprise should be called the Express, a name which gave an idea of speed and promptitude.

After some hesitation the young man, whose name was William F. Harden, adopted the suggestions and bought a cheap carpet-bag.

"That carpet-bag proved to be the beginning of the express business of the United States, and it is represented to-day by a system which has made millions of a score of men, and which is next in importance to the Post-Office and the railways."

The Adams Express Company often carries merchandise, etc., worth twenty million dollars in a single day. The United States Treasury trusts to it the carriage of all bank-notes and specie; and with the American Express Company it transacts a greater exchange and banking business in the transfer of money than all the private bankers put together.

The two great companies which have monopolized nearly all the small concerns, employ nearly 8,000 men, 1,500 horses, 1,200 wagons and 3,000 safes. They travel over 100,000 miles daily, and scarcely a railway train runs on any road that has not a special car attached devoted to the business of the express.

Foes of the Telegraph.

The enemies of the telegraph are many, and among them will be found bears, buffaloes, monkeys, elephants, worms and spiders. A writer in a recent periodical, in describing the operations of these foes, says:

If you will kick or pound on a telegraph pole, or place your ear against one on a windy day, what will the noise remind you of? A hive of bees? Precisely. So it does the bears in Norway.

Bears are passionately fond of honey, and when in one of the wind districts bruin hears the humming of the wires, he follows the sound to the post where it is loudest, and begins to tear away the stones heaped round the pole in the rocky soil to steady them, in order to get at the hive which he imagines to be there.

In his disappointment and disgust he usually leaves marks of his claws in the wood.

Wolves will not stay in Norway where a telegraph pole has been built. It was formerly the custom to protect farms by planting them strung with cords, something like rabbit-snare, and gradually the wolves came to respect these precautions, so that a line stretched across the neck of a peninsula would protect the whole district.

The wolves take the telegraph for a new and improved snare, and promptly leave the country when a line is built.

On our own treeless plains the buffalo hails the telegraph poles as an ingenious contrivance for his own benefit.

Like all, cattle, he delights in scratching himself, and he goes through the performance so energetically that he knocks down the post.

An early builder of telegraph-lines undertook to protect the post by inserting bradaws into the wood, but the thick-skinned buffalo found the bradawl an improvement, and affording him a new sensation, and scratched down more poles than ever.

In Japan the special enemies of the telegraph are the spiders which grow to an immense size, and avail themselves of the wires as an excellent framework for their webs.

So thick are the cords the Japanese spiders spin that often, especially when they are covered with dew, they serve to connect the wires with each other or the ground, and so stop them from working.

In the sea the wires are not any safer, as a small worm has developed itself since cables came into fashion which bores its way through iron wire and gutta percha, lets in the water, and so destroys a line worth a million of dollars.

REBUKED.

There is nothing more worthy of consideration and respect than good advice—from the right person and at the right time. But people who make a business of urging their own views upon others, without proper regard for the feelings of their hearers, or without caring whether circumstances or conditions favor their doing so, deserve the rebuke given by the artist to the clergyman in the following story:

A jovial artist was painting the portrait of a clergyman, who felt it incumbent upon him to give the painter a moral lecture during one of his sittings. Somewhat in awe of the artist, he began rather nervously, but as the knight of the brush painted away without any sign of annoyance, he gathered courage as he proceeded, and finally administered a goodish sermon.

He paused for a reply, and confessed afterwards that he never felt so insignificant in his life as when the artist, with the urbane but positive authority of his profession, merely said,—

"Turn your head a little to the right, and shut your mouth."

AN EXCITING RIDE.

John Gilpin's famous ride upon his nimble steed, "a bottle swinging at each side," was paralleled once by an exciting donkey-ride at Task, in the Gulf of Oman. The English telegraph operator at that station had been out shooting ibex. He says:

Coming home on a tired donkey, encumbered by two rifles and accompanied by my small brown dog, Toby suddenly we came on a herd of half-wild cows, who mistook Toby for a jackal.

In an instant they all charged furiously down upon me, heads down and tails high in air. Poor Toby came to me for help, and got between the donkey's legs.

I shouted, brandished the rifles and kicked the poor donkey into a sort of three-legged canter. It was the most exciting donkey-ride I ever had in my life. Toby scampered here, there and everywhere, but always as close to the donkey's legs as he could get.

Rush would come one old bull from the right and just graze the donkey's tail, then another would just miss his nose. I thought the climax was reached when head over heels went the donkey, and we all rolled on the ground together.

To my surprise this frightened the cows, and I had time to pick Toby up in my arms, after which the cows took no further interest in him.

Jones' Start in California.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, had gone to California with thousands of others when the wonderful discovery of gold in that far-off land thrilled every hamlet and village. Among those who went to seek their fortunes there was a man named Hayward, from Vermont. Hayward had a claim on the mountain side that as yet had shown no particular promise; still he stuck to it. One hot summer day when the Red hills were quivering with heat, Hayward came to see Jones. Said he:

"Jones, I am very near to a wonderful vein. I know it; I feel it; but I am flat broke. I want \$2,000; with that I will make both our fortunes."

"Now, old fellow," said Jones, "I have known just 1,000 men who were in exactly your fix. They only needed \$1,000, and some times \$100, to make their eternal all." Finally Jones said: "I will give you this money. I have \$2,000 buried under the fireplace, and when the fire goes out I will get it out for you, but don't ask me for any more."

Hayward got the money, and said: "When I strike it I will give you a quarter interest."

One afternoon a month after this happened, Jones was sitting in his cabin when Hayward suddenly burst in as white as a sheet. "Jones," said he, "I have struck it!"

They then went together to look at it, and sure enough Hayward had struck an immense bonanza, or "pocket," of almost pure gold. Jones, with his experience, saw it was the richest mine in California. Hayward sold it to Wells, Fargo, and some others for \$5,000,000, and the day the sale was made he gave Jones \$1,250,000. Jones afterwards married Hayward's daughter.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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The Picnic Season.

The picnic season may be said to have fairly opened. Nearly every week, the JOURNAL chronicles the successful termination of some long-anticipated and pleasing event, where deaf-mutes congregate to enjoy a day of uninterrupted and pleasant social intercourse. These gatherings have a happy influence on all who participate in them, and vary the monotony of the "silent" life of our class. The invigorating sail or ride brings color to the cheek and brightness to the eye of many a pale, careworn mother. Weary men of business take advantage of the opportunity to leave workshop or counting-room, and find rest and recreation in the country or by the seashore. Bashful young men and modest maidens, glad of a chance to carry on a sly flirtation under cover of the place and occasion, look unutterable things at each other across the lunch basket. Happy, careless schoolboys puff the seductive cheroot and imagine it the very acme of happiness. Old and young, big and little, all receive their quota of pleasure, and the occasion is long remembered as an "oasis in the desert of life."

The Picnic of the Western Pennsylvania mutes, an entertaining account of which we publish in another column, appears to have been a most enjoyable affair. The fact that representatives from many different cities were present, demonstrates a rapidly growing interest in and appreciation of the benefits accruing from such gatherings by Pennsylvania deaf-mutes.

No less interesting is the account of the affair held on the Fourth of July by the Minnesota Deaf-Mute Society. The party, although small, enjoyed itself in a quiet way, and no doubt that each and all returned home greatly refreshed both in mind and body by their holiday.

The members of the Lowell Silent Society and their friends, to the number of fifty or thereabouts, had a merry time at their picnic during the last week of June. Boating, base ball, and other healthful sports were indulged in, and although the affair was not a success, financially, owing to a variety of circumstances, all greatly enjoyed themselves.

The Seventh Annual Excursion of the Manhattan Literary Association takes place to-day. The Committee having charge of the affair are energetic, liberal-minded young gentlemen, and have labored long and intelligently to make it equal, if not superior, to those held in preceding years, and every thing augurs well for the success of the undertaking. The utmost enthusiasm prevails among the members of the Society and their friends, and all appear united in the belief that—

"We're going to have a roaring time, with fun and lots of noise. Distinguished guests et cetera, the Judge and all the boys."

New Jersey Institution.

We call attention to the notice, in another column, of the Committee on Admission of the New Jersey Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. It is necessary for the parents or guardians of those deaf-mute children who have been attending school at other State Institutions, as well as those who have never received instruction at an institution, to make application for their admission into the New Jersey School. Those residents of the State who have deaf-mute relatives or friends entitled, by law, to receive instruction, should make application at once, otherwise they may fail to secure admission next Fall.

ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to: *The Itemizer*.

Miss M. Louisa Bolt is again at her home in Norwalk, O.

Mr. Wm. D. Frey, of New York City, is now in Waterford, N. Y.

Will Mr. Thomas F. Fox please send his address to the JOURNAL?

Jerome T. Elwell, of the Pennsylvania Institution, is rusticiating at Elkton, Va.

Miss Lillian Jones, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has gone to Saratoga Springs. She will remain there four or five weeks.

Clarence E. Webster, of 41 Exchange street, Buffalo, N. Y., desires Thomas Holland, of New York City, to send him his address.

Mr. Henry Skinner, a supervisor of the boys at the Maryland Institution, was married to Miss Margaret Getz, a former pupil, on June 27th.

Mr. Packard, the pastor of the Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes, has gone to New London, N. H., to have a vacation of two months, with his wife and son.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapman have gone to Bangor, on their way to Levant, 13 miles by steamer from Boston, and will stay there till September.

Laura Fuller's sister (speaking) Emma, was married last May, while she was East. They are very happy. Perhaps they will go to Minnesota next Spring.

Miss Hannah Wollmann, of Brooklyn, E. D. N. Y., will go travelling for a few weeks visiting Hartford and Waterbury, Ct., accompanied by her older brother.

Henry A. Anderson, formerly of Saratoga, Mich., has steady work in the Lansing Wagon Works, and claims to make good wages. He is quite a Duke in his attire.

Last Sunday, E. J. Reddy, of Newburyport, Mass., visited Salisbury Beach, and while there he had the pleasure of meeting several of his deaf-mute friends, with whom he had an excellent time.

Mr. Wolf, of St. Louis, went to Chicago last week, and succeeded in obtaining work in a printing office, through the recommendation of Mr. John Viets, of Cleveland, O., who used to work at the place.

Mr. John Viets, of Chicago, has given up his cases in the printing-office in order to accept a soft job in the dining-room of the Sherman House at \$30 per month with board. He talks of going to Cleveland soon, where he is to resume the printing-business.

Mr. Bailey, of Massachusetts, expects to go to New York, August 22d. He hopes the National Deaf-Mute Convention will be a great success, and hopes that a great many mutes from New England will go there, and that they will have a big time. Bailey will stay there about two weeks.

Laura M. Fuller, of Exeter, N. Y., spent a few weeks with Mrs. Mary Dugan Jeffers, of Rose. She was pleased to visit her, and both had a very pleasant time. Laura went to Rochester, last three days with a lady friend, and returned home last week. She is still employed at the canning factory.

Mr. Dunlap, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is in Albany, N. Y., now with William Ennis. He visited the Capitol where he has seen Governor Cleveland and Lieutenant-Gov. Hill, in the Governor's office, and paid a visit to the State Prison. William Ennis expects to go to Rome, N. Y., next week to stay till next Fall.

Mr. Albert C. Hargrave, late of Massachusetts, but now of Creston, Ia., visited his uncle in Nevada, Ia., last week. On his way to Iowa, Mr. Hargrave stopped in Chicago, expecting to see Mr. and Mrs. Lars M. Larson, but was disappointed to find they were away either at Boston or Wisconsin. He saw no mutes while in Chicago.

Last evening, Gerlie N. Scagel, a deaf-mute aged 17 years, was found wandering about City Point and brought into station 12, where she stated that she had run away from Canada because her parents were poor and could not keep her. This morning she was turned over to the directors for public institutions, and will probably be sent home.—*Boston paper*.

Mr. James F. O'Neill, of Brooklyn, was greatly surprised as well as delighted to meet his friend, Prof. Westervelt, Principal of the Rochester Institution, Monday afternoon at Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs. Prof. Westervelt was attending the Teachers' National Convention. Mr. O'Neill has been enjoying himself highly at the Springs for more than a week, and does not intend to return to the City of Churches for some days yet.

Miss Lillian Jones and sister, Florence, of Brooklyn, N. Y., narrowly escaped being killed on July 11th. They were out for a little drive after supper, and when only two blocks down the street, the horse became frightened by a bicycle, and in turning round, the carriage was overturned. One wheel was broken off and smashed to pieces, and the carriage dragged along a block, before the bystanders could stop the horse. They were both dashed to the ground, but sustained no serious injuries.

On Wednesday, June 12th, the friends of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Harrington, of Brighton, Mass., gave them a surprise party, as it was the Fifteenth Anniversary of their marriage. About forty persons were present from Boston and Cambridge. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Lynde, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Goldsmith, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wellington, Mr. Sawyer, of Washington; Big Giant Krause, and Miss Bella Plagg. Mr. and Mrs. H. were pleased to receive several presents. All had a most enjoyable time.

Mr. Fred Wood celebrated his 21st birthday on the evening of June 22d, by a small party, at his house in Savin Hill, Dorchester, Mass. Among those present were the following deaf persons: Messrs. Albert Hargrave, Alvah W. Orcutt, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wellington and Miss Bella Plagg. The party was a very pleasant one, and consisted of some amusements and an excellent supper. Of the amusements, the chief one was the guessing of Mr. Orcutt's age. He was 19 years old, and the result of the guessing varied from 21 to 26, owing to the thickness of his mustache and side whiskers. The party lasted till about 10:30 p.m.

Hannah Henry is in Cochection Centre, N. Y. Mrs. Weston Jenkins became the mother of a vigorous boy on the 7th inst.

Mrs. I. S. Ingraham will visit at Worcester and Ashfield.—*New England Homestead*, July 7.

Wm. Durian, of Fairwood, would like to know the address of his friend Mr. U. G. Dunn.—*Excursion of the Manhattan Literary Association to Hudson Grove*, on Thursday.—*New York Sun*, July 16.

Mr. Arthur Wells took a vacation part of last week, in a carriage drive in Connecticut.—*New England Homestead*, July 7.

Mrs. John Brown, of Port Jackson, N. Y., is at present visiting friends in Saratoga Springs, N. Y. She expects to go to Whitehall, N. Y., soon.

Miss Panoscat does not live in Brooklyn, E. D. N. Y., as was stated in last week's JOURNAL. She lives in New York City.

Miss Victoria S. Baker, of Chelsea, Mass., paid a flying visit to West Hanover, Mass., last June, returned home last Saturday, and reports a good time.

W. H. Fomire, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., is in New York City. He arrived Tuesday last, will take in the Manhattan Literary Excursion, and remain in town about a week.

On July 15th, Moses Heyman, I. N. Soper and W. L. Waters, had a delightful time strolling on the beach at Long Beach. They stopped at the Long Beach Hotel.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Trustees of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes will be held in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, 18th Street, near Fifth Avenue, on Wednesday, July 25th, at 8 o'clock p.m.

A New York deaf-mute artist says:—"I would like to know the address of Mrs. Bell, of Washington, D. C., and where I can get her likeness. Will the Washington mutes be so kind as to send her address to the JOURNAL, as I desire to paint a picture of her."

Mr. James O'Neill, of Brooklyn, arrived home last Saturday morning from Saratoga, where he had been enjoying himself for two weeks. It appears that the Spring water agrees with his health, as he never looked better than he did upon his arrival in the City of Churches.

A Brooklyn correspondent writes:—"What in the world is Mr. Booth going to do for the coming National Convention. Does he wish it to be a success or a failure, or what? Appoint a local committee at once, Mr. Booth, and let them go to work with a will at once."

B. Franklin Crickett, a deaf-mute of this city, has built himself a boat about fourteen feet in length with paddle wheels, which work by simply moving a lever with a forward and backward motion. He skims through the water at a lively rate in his new craft.—*Beverly N. J. Banner*, July 4.

Work on the New Jersey Institution is going forward steadily. The brick building, which is to contain the boiler room, laundry and servants' quarters, is ready for roofing, and the steam pipes are mostly laid throughout the main building. The exterior of the main building presents a vastly improved appearance, the rough brick having been covered with a coat of "rough-cast," and the woodwork painted in two shades of olive green—the window sashes red. Lightning rods, of the most approved pattern, have been placed on the building.

FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A sad accident, resulting in the death of a poor deaf and dumb man named Francois Duval, took place on the line of the Central Vermont Railway, near Iversville, Sunday morning. Duval was walking along the track when he was struck by a train coming at great speed behind him. The poor man was caught by the cow-catcher, which threw him into the ditch at a considerable distance, where he fractured his head and had both legs broken. As soon as the engine driver saw the unfortunate man on the track, he began to whistle and immediately applied the brakes, but all was to no avail, as Duval did not hear the whistle and the train could not be stopped before reaching him. Rev. Father Melkie, who was on board the train, had time to give the dying man absolution, immediately after which he breathed his last. The body was taken on board the train and taken to Iversville.—*Montreal Daily Star*, July 10.

A Very Narrow Escape from Getting Shot.

HUNTINGTON, IND.—July 9th, George Newton, a deaf-mute living at Birdseye, a small town some four miles from this place, paid a visit to some relatives living at this place and also to the writer of this (Louis Hildebrand). After communicating about several facts at my place of business till the hour of retiring, Mr. S. C. Miller, whose wife is George's cousin, came. They had to give up housekeeping on account of sickness, and were boarding at the St. George's Hotel. George was to lodge for the night in Mr. Miller's residence, as the Hotel was crowded. Mr. Miller giving G. the key and some instructions to be careful that Mr. Miller's neighbor might not take him for a burglar and shoot him. As George approached the house between 10 and 11 o'clock, Mr. Mann, looking out of the window, said: "Mr. Miller, is there any thing the matter?" But getting no answer, Mr. Mann said he would make him answer, and getting up, got his revolver. By this time George had lit the lamp, came out of the house and went in the yard. As he went, Mr. Mann kept telling him to tell his business or he would shoot him. George returned to the house and entered as he did at first. As he came to the door, he was covered by Mr. Mann's revolver, and nothing but the protestations of Mrs. Mann saved George from receiving the contents of a 32 calibre Smith & Wesson. Mrs. Mann suggested that they wait and send word to Mr. Miller and see if he could explain the matter, which he did to the satisfaction of all. It had a little amusing feature about it. Mr. Mann and several other neighbors, who firmly believed that burglars were ransacking the house, kept it guarded while one went to see if Mr. Miller had sent any one there. During this time, George, after his usual devotions, retired to his bed, totally ignorant of the danger he had been in, and that but the pulling of the trigger would have undoubtedly have sent him to a boundless eternity.

DIED.

At City Hospital, in Boston, Mass., July 4th, Isaiah Knowles, seventy years and five months.

Edward Gibson, of Portland, a suburb of Louisville, Ky., July 10th, 1883, at his residence, of dysentery, after a suffering of three short days, leaving a wife and four children, all of whom are grown. He was born October 9th, 1818, and after walking hand in hand with his true wife for thirty-five years, he was struck down when least expected. As a friend, we miss him among our circle. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family. The funeral was a very lengthy one, and composed of many honorable people of this city.

The Lowell Silent Society (deaf-mutes) conducted a very quiet picnic at Long Pond, Wednesday. This occasion was prolific of enjoyment.—*Vox Populi*, July 4.

Another Fatality.

It is a strange and remarkable coincidence that another victim should come to his death yesterday in a manner similar to that of young Griswold. It will be remembered that Griswold went on the fatal ride of Monday evening, for the purpose of viewing the wreck at Clayton, and it was upon this expedition that he met his death. Last night, a young man of Plainville, about eighteen years of age, Howard Hull by name, went to see the site of the accident of Monday night, and on the very spot was struck by the engine of the 4:14 train and borne into eternity as quickly as was Griswold. The facts of the case cannot perhaps be fully known. As the engineer of the train rounded the curve, just this side of the late accident, he saw Hull upon the track directly in front of him. He would hardly have had time to escape, had he been able to hear the warning whistle, but the young man was a deaf-mute, and as his back was toward the train, he unconsciously awaited his doom. Had he been as fortunate as to see the train at that point, he would have found difficulty in getting out of the way, so close was it upon him, and so rapidly was it approaching. He was instantly killed, receiving a fearful blow from the bumper of the engine, which rendered him unconscious of the cause of his death. The train was stopped and the remains taken to Plainville, when his parents were notified. The young man is the son of F. G. Hull, a resident of the village. He was intelligent, though laboring under the infirmity of being unable to speak or hear. He has a brother and sister, who are also deaf-mutes, though the parents are not. Word was sent to the home of Hull, and his father came at once and took the remains away. It seems strange that the young man, knowing his infirmity, and having the vision of death before his eyes, as it were, in the scene of the wreck, should stand directly upon the track, his back toward the curve of the road, in the most dangerous place possible.—*Plainville, Ct. Evening Herald*, July 14.

Letter from Lancaster County, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR JOURNAL:—I thought some items from the deaf-mutes about Lancaster County, might prove acceptable and of interest to many of the JOURNAL readers, also we would convince our agency friend, "Little Rep," that though in the joy of home going we may have packed our ink and pen too early, they are once more in active service, not only for the benefit of the JOURNAL, but for other periodicals and for private correspondence as well.

Messrs. Purvis, Whydmyer, Frederick and Fetter, and Miss Laura Frederick, all deaf-mutes of Lancaster City, spent the 4th of July at Lititz, and say they spent a delightful time. There were over five thousand people at the beautiful Lititz Park, from all parts of the State, and many from adjoining States also.

Among the crowd of happy picnickers who came to spend the day at our Park, "Violet" was happy to meet her little friend, Lizzie Hagy, from Reading. She passed a most enjoyable day here, and left regretfully. Why should not Mr. Henry Hagy get up a picnic for deaf-mutes from Reading and vicinity to meet the Lancaster County deaf-mutes. We feel assured that the day would be so pleasant and enjoyable that it would amply repay the small expense necessary.

We should be delighted to welcome our friends, Misses Whiteman, Smith, Shappell, and any other mutes who might accompany the excursion. Our pleasure would be complete could our pretty brunette friends, "Pearl" and "Imperator," come as well.

We learn from a gentleman who ought to know, that the Misses Denlinger, of Lancaster, are to be confirmed the latter part of this month. They are both former pupils of our beloved *Alma Mater*, and are very popular among the mutes of this section.

As far as we know, met a single mute from this section will visit the New York Convention. They evidently take very little interest in it. We hope all who attend the Excursion and Picnic to Bombay Hook, N. J., may pass a delightful time, and fully enjoy their trip. As we cannot participate in the festivities, we would be delighted to read an account of the same from the graphic pen of our literary friend, "Little Rep."

A few days since, Miss Downey was the happy recipient of a pretty bouquet of rare flowers, sent by mail all the way from Miss Nicholas' home in Clinton County.

We were sorry, very sorry to hear of "Mr. Spy's" critical condition, and earnestly hope he may soon attain a more settled state of mind. "To be or not to be," that is the point.

We pity "Cheap John and Bros. & Co.," who seem to be waging such a war with the flies. We are almost a stranger to those musical insects, but the cold (?) weather is quite as big a nuisance!

New Jersey Institution.

In order to secure the admission, to this Institution, of any deaf-mute eligible under the existing laws of the State of New Jersey, application must be made on his or her behalf, whether such deaf-mute has or has not been supported in any Institution outside of the State. The Superintendent, Weston Jenkins, Trenton, N. J., will furnish the necessary form on application, which should be made at once.

THEO. W. MORRIS, MARCUS BEACH, Committee on Admission.

The Indiana Reunion.

John A. Skinner, of Hartford City, Ind., says the report that the Reunion has been postponed until September is false; that he has been working very hard for two months to make the affair a success, and that it will be held on July 21st and 22d.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Picnic of the Pittsburg Deaf-Mute Association.

A GRAND SUCCESS.

Raindrops.

Independence Day's sun shone benignantly down upon Western Pennsylvania, and the speechless lovers of frolic who had looked with an ardent foretaste for a grand day, were not a little delighted as the weather was all that could be desired.

The Thirtieth Annual Picnic, under the auspices of the Pittsburg Deaf-Mute Association, took place in Hill's Grove, not far from Edgewood, a real nice country villa, on Wednesday, July 4th. Financially, the affair, as predicted, turned out quite a decided success in every particular, and the pleasant time enjoyed will forever be remembered by those who were so fortunate as to be participants. The spot selected for the Picnic was a convenient place, well situated, and surrounded by stately, shady trees. The grounds are generally well kept, and there is an abundance of good spring water.

Between the hours of 7 a.m. and 1 p.m., the mutes, accompanied by their invited friends, began to arrive, all bent on having a good time.

Copenhagen, Fox and Geese, Base Ball and other amusements agreeable to the tastes of such a large assemblage of mutes, were independently indulged in throughout the day.

The officers of the Association had worked untiringly to make the affair a success, and as a consequence every thing passed off in a highly gleeful and pleasing manner. There were about a hundred and fifteen persons in attendance, including invited hearing friends.

Lunch was announced at 12 o'clock, and every one seemed glad of it. Couples were formed and repaired to a long table, where all the delicacies of the season were served, in a tasteful and elegant style. After ample justice had been done to the inner man, mirth reigned supreme.

An elegant supper was called for at 5 o'clock, and partaken of, after which various games were played as usual.

Darkness came on apace, and after the greater portion of the large concourse had gone home, the remainder proceeded to Mr. Woodside's residence, where they were treated to a beautiful display of fire-works by Willie Humphrey, a big-hearted boy, who did his labor well during the night, and after this, dispersed, feeling that they had passed a most pleasant time.

The Committee of Arrangements deserve great credit for the successful manner of conducting their labors in making the picnic one of enjoyment and pleasure.

WHO WERE AT THE PICNIC.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas MacIntire were present on the occasion, and seemed to enjoy themselves, but had to leave for the West, immediately after dinner, much to our regret.

Miss Effie Parker, of Erie, Pa., made quite a host of new acquaintances during the day. It was the first opportunity she had of seeing them.

Mr. Thomas McClurg, accompanied by his pretty daughters, appeared, and their time was most delightfully spent.

Our venerable friend, Mr. Stenrod, of Wheeling, West Va., gladdened greatly the hearts of his friends, by his presence.

Who ate the most, it is a hard job to tell.

Miss Annie Pfeifer was the gayest of the gay, as usual.

Mrs. David Smith participated, and said she enjoyed herself immensely. Why was not your jolly husband with you?

Mr. and Mrs. George Hartley were there, and looked happier than we ever expected to see them.

Mr. Nieman said he was greatly disappointed because our Allegheny sluggers were so badly defeated several times by the Western American Clubs. Do not be discouraged!

Josiah Mishler was the funniest boy we ever laughed at.

There has been some disagreement as to who was the belle of the occasion, but it remains unanswered as yet.

Richard Stout wore a smiling countenance. One remarked that Richard has fished for a fair one with success.

Mr. John Hahn, of Philadelphia, was there, and enjoyed a pleasant treat.

Mr. and Mrs. William Drum attended, and said they had a good time.

La belle "Daisy" was tastefully attired in white.

Willie Humphrey said he thought that "Copenhagen" drew much more attraction than any other game.

Several young "sweet sixteen" ladies were observed enjoying themselves by swinging in a charming hammock.

Hugh McMaster played tricks on the poor girls most of the day.

Mr. Waterson, of Wheeling, West Va., wore a blue suit and an immense mustache, that drew attention among the girls.

Mr. Sword, of Columbus, Ohio, claimed that he celebrated his birthday on the Glorious Fourth. We

wish him to see many happy returns of the day.

Mr. Morris, of Ohio, was there, and was happy when he had the fortune to make new acquaintances.

Joseph Acheson happily smoked his Havana cigars all day. Joseph can't you smoke like Gen. Grant?

Prof. George Teegarden, our popular friend, made himself as agreeable as ever.

Ike Sawhill, once a famous catcher of the Kendall first nine, but now of Ohio, said he did not play ball on account of lack of practice since he left College.

President Collins Sawhill smiled immensely because the picnic was quite a success.

Paul Morley was on hand.

Pat Connelly was the most mischievous of the lot.

Miss Christiana Scherger was there, and did "splendidly."

Mr. Woodside worked very hard—like a dray-horse. Great credit to him!

The ever jesting Lewis Callahan was the centre of attraction, by entertaining the mutes with interesting occurrences of modern and ancient history.

Andy Hugh accompanied his pretty sister and cousin, and had an awful nice time.

Misses Hitchcock and Fehl were seen everywhere.

Mrs. Archie Woodside, in company with her son Sammie, seemed to see many her old and make new acquaintances.

Among others we noticed were Misses Green, Gardener, Montgomery, Schranun, George Bott, Flynn, Mrs. Collins Sawhill, Misses Finch and Sawhill, Mr. and Mrs. Friend, Messrs. Willie Sawhill, Reading, McHugh, Hartjiff, Kay, Ross, Langhaus, Seiler, Enbr, R. Woodside, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, of Coal Bluffs; Hendrick, Mr. and Mrs. Finch, and others too numerous to mention.

JOTTINGS.

There was a middle-aged Negro of Silence observed lately in our town begging for bread and money. His name is unknown to the writer.

We hope to see our pathetic friend, "Violet," pen something interesting to the JOURNAL relating to her vacation visits.

Mr. Edward Wilson, of Philadelphia, will pay a flying visit to "Imperator," this week.

John Long is engaged on the farm at the Institution through vacation. From what we learn, he will be promoted to the position of supervisor at the opening of the school term in September.

"Little Rep's" letters are always interesting. Hope he will write up the Excursion of the Clero Literary Association to Bombay Hook.

Pat Connelly told me that he started for Ohio a-fishing after our Picnic.

Miss Alice Sawhill, a pupil of the Ohio Institution, is now home at Bradock for the summer vacation.

James Campbell, our Irwinite, seems to enjoy little company without feeling lonely.

IMPERATOR.

Rhode Island.

The meeting opened most pleasantly in the Providence Deaf-Mute Society hall, on the 15th of July. The hall presented an attractive appearance.

Mrs. Whipple Follett, of Woonsocket, chose as her text, Romans 12:10-21. Her subject was: "God is Love." The weather was very warm, but she did well. One wonders not only at her powers of reasoning and eloquent pleading, but at her almost super-human endurance. Her sermon was the clearest exposition of the simplicity of love. Her twelve-year-old daughter, Edith, interpreted for her. When Mrs. Follett had done her duty, she asked the mutes if they would accept a present as a slight token of affection. They hardly knew what she meant, but she found time in solving the "mystery," by telling them that she had presented them with a big Holy Bible for the use of the Society. Mr. Kinsman moved a vote of thanks to be given Mrs. Follett, and it was seconded. They said they would always remember the generous giver with great reverence.

NOTES AND COMMENT.

No more service till September. The Bay State Mission is doing a good work.

J. T. Tillinghast was not present, on account of the pressure of business. Disappointment was expressed by almost every mute.

Eighteen deaf-mutes were present. Mrs. Follett sowed good seed, and we hope it will spring up and bear rich fruit in the future.

COLUMBUS.

Mr. Plumb M. Park to leave us on
July 25th.

IN AND AROUND THE OHIO INSTITUTION.

The Cincinnati Picnic.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

Seemingly transformed into a beehive is our Institution building, with so many working people—plumbers, carpenters, house-cleaners, painters and paper-hangers, all moving about as busy as the bees. We could not see any signs of honey in the present confusion; it will, however, in due time show itself in the comfort and elegance of the interior arrangement and improvement.

Acting-Supt. Talbot expects to be relieved of the cares and responsibilities of the temporary position which he has for a year so ably filled, by August 1st next.

A thing which has probably never happened before will occur in the month of August, that is, the absence of every teacher of the Ohio Institution from the city.

An old landmark in the profession is soon to be gone! Mr. Plumb M. Park who, for forty-one years, has rendered faithful service as a teacher, will sever his connection with the Ohio State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb this month. In the disposition of his home property on Franklin Avenue, which occurred last week, the consummation of his fond wishes for an early rejoining of his children and grandchildren at Santa Barbara, California, is speedily to be gratified.

Wednesday, July 25th, has been fixed upon as the day of his departure. We shall miss him as a man and a co-laborer. As a neighbor, Mr. Park has no enemies, and as a teacher in the Primary Department, no superiors. His life has been one of activity and usefulness. The pupils, now graduates, who have been under his instruction these long years, number among the thousands. Himself honest and square in his dealings with all men, it has seemed in his chapel work that he never preached except what he practiced. In the school-room, he was always hard working, faithful and efficient. This world is full of changes. Beyond the Mississippi, in his new chosen home, the veteran teacher may rest assured he carries with him the love, esteem and best wishes of his friends here.

Mr. A. W. Fairbanks, a leading job printer of Cleveland, states that his best book-finder is a young girl who was educated at the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. In a word, the mental and industrial education she received under the benevolent auspices of the State fitted her for outstripping girls who are without defective physical organs. This is but one case in hundreds that might be mentioned, in which deaf and dumb and blind persons have been well fitted for industrial pursuits at the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind.—*Evening Dispatch, July 9.*

Quite a party of mutes, consisting of Messrs. Ed. J. Scott, the Stebelton brothers, Chas. H. Green, George Marion, Misses Dundon and Prouty and your correspondent, left on the 11:15 p.m. train for Cincinnati to participate in the grand picnic given by the mutes of that city on Saturday, the 14th inst.

Three thousand five hundred and fifty dollars was the sale price of Mr. Park's place on Franklin Avenue.

Mr. Ira Crandon was back in Columbus again last week. He visited the Institution for a few minutes, and took in the improvements going on there.

Lizzie Dunn, formerly of Ridgeville, Ind., and then of Sabine, Ohio, and who has since lived with the Parks, will go with them to California, and there be a help in the family.

The Columbus Evening Times of Tuesday, the 10th inst., has the following apt remarks, under its base-ball notes:

"Twenty to three is the effect of nine innings pitching by Dundon at Terra Haute, Indiana.

"Will Dundon now get proper opportunities to exhibit his abilities as a player, or will he be flanked out entirely.

"Our own Dundon did the work at Terra Haute yesterday. His deceptive curves, were too much for the 'Awkwards.'"

A six-hundred dollar flag would be a great thing for the Institution, if it were true. Our informant got it incorrectly stated. It should have been six hundred flags for one hundred dollars.

Attendant Frank Flenniken, of this Institution, availed himself of a cheap excursion to Buffalo, New York, last Sunday, the 25th. Only \$5.50 for the round trip, and ticket good for eight days.

A pleasant surprise is in store for Mr. James M. Park, at Santa Barbara, Cal. His father bought a nice gold watch valued at one hundred dollars, as a present for his beloved son.

The total receipts at the base ball grounds, Columbus, O., footed up last week \$15,790.85, which they say leaves a handsome profit after the expenses are paid.

"Certain parties think Dundon is not given a fair shake. This player

has done some good work, when he has been given the opportunity."—*Times.*

A telegram sent from St. Louis parties, read—"The St. Louis Club walked all over the Columbus Club today (12th), batting the very life out of Dundon, the deaf and dumb pitcher." The game stood 9 to 4 in favor of St. Louis. The day before, with Mountain as pitcher, the score was 6 to 2 in favor of the same club. But on Friday last, the tables were turned. The Columbus Club had a walk over the St. Louis players by a score of 4 to 2. Dundon was "up and at them again." In the fourth contest between the said clubs, on Saturday, the 14th inst., Dundon tried his pitching powers for the second time on the St. Louis players, and only missed laying them out by a single score, through errors made by his own men. The game resulted eight to seven, the St. Louisians narrowly escaping another defeat.

The Annual Picnic, given at Cincinnati, O., by the Anderson Society, was largely attended by the mutes, and on the whole was a very creditable affair. But for the rainy weather in the evening, it would have been a greater success. For want of time and other engagements, we were constrained to content ourselves with a brief notice. The Columbus delegation had their number increased to ten by the attendance of Messrs. Sword and John Lieb.

Dr. Fay, of the Hartford Asylum, will have his hands full receiving callers from Ohio next month. Prof. A. B. Greener is another addition to the list.

The Ohio State Fair takes place in this city September 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, and promises to be a big thing.

NUMBER FIFTY-TWO.

Frollocks on the Fourth.

RAKINGS BY K. A. PFHAMSCHEIDT.

If picnicing on the Fourth of July may be taken as an indication of patriotism, then the people at this end of the world may be set down as exceedingly patriotic, for every one, young and old, big and little, went on a picnic on that day. The mutes, not to be outdone, also decided to be patriotic, and have a picnic. Naturally, the first thing in order was to choose a remote and secluded place, removed from the crowds of hearing patriots. Accordingly, Lakes Minnetauka, Calhoun, Harriet, Parker's Lake and Medicine Lake, were in turn considered and each labeled "no good" and abandoned. Then came a short recess, and for a while it seemed as if the ideal spot could not be found. But at length, some one suggested the State University grounds, and immediately the sad, we-won't-get-any-ice-cream look that had settled down on the faces of the girls disappeared. All was now joy. Bright smiles were so abundant it was found necessary to open the door and let them out upon the street. They floated down Nicolet Avenue, and for a while the light of the sun was darkened, so thick were they.

So it was decided to celebrate the National Day, in the shadow of the State Institution of learning.

The appointed time found all on the spot, and a most beautiful spot to behold it was, too. Tall oaks spread their branches overhead, and cast inviting shade, while in the background rose the picturesque walls of the State University, half concealed by the swaying branches of the ancient oaks.

Far down beneath, swiftly flowed the "daddy of waters" on his never-ceasing course to the sea. Now and then a boatman shot out from the opposite shore and struggled bravely to cross the swiftly flowing waters. Then, looking up stream, one could see the falls of St. Anthony as they plunged downward sending forth a cloud of mist, and then the water, apparently glad that the leap had been made, rushed onward between banks rising, in some places, to the height of 100 feet. Clustered around the falls rose the massive walls of the flouring mills—mills that manufacture flour enough to feed the whole world—while still further up could be seen the city of Minneapolis. Such was the place and surroundings where the patriotic silent people picniced. The picnic! Why, it was a big success. A prize of \$50 was not offered to the couple who would get married on the spot, nor a lot of rubbish for the one who could jump the farthest. Such things were left for the civilized brethren of the East. There were no crowds of hearing people present to interrupt, and so the boys went in for a good time, and the girls, too. Two of the girls, Misses Graham and Halvorson, ventured to climb down the steep bluff to the waters edge, and were only rescued from falling heels over head into the river by the brave and noble knight, Cassius Scofield. At noon, a more inviting display of eatables was spread upon the ground, and all sat down and ate with a will. The way the boys got outside of the good things was a sufficient recommendation to the good cooking of Miss Cole and the rest of the girls. After the debris of the dinner was cleared away, Messrs. Braff, Cork and White, volunteered to amuse the congregation with a foot race. They started off at full speed, and the result of this famous race was at the end of one minute, Mr. Braff retired from the field. Two minutes more passed and then Mr. White toppled over in the dust, and it took three girls with fans and water, half an hour to set him on his pins again. Meanwhile, Mr. Cork had sat down completely (uncorked) and out of breath. An effort to get some of the girls to run, failed utterly, as they were badly broken up over the race

they had just witnessed. As the sun began to sink behind the city and the shadows grew long, the girls began to pack their duds, and all started homeward, well satisfied with the day, which had been observed in a very patriotic way.

RAKINGS.

Mr. M. O. Robert, at present a clerk in the Pension Office, at Washington, is expected home soon on a visit.

James Stirling, of Scotland, is the latest addition to our community.

At a meeting of the Minnesota Deaf-Mute Association, Sunday, the 1st, Prof. Wing, of Faribault, gave an interesting lecture on "habit."

"Little Rep" remarks that Miss Franklin, a teacher in the Minnesota Institution, is spending the summer in Philadelphia, and adds "she seems to enjoy the city as well as the country." Well, "Little," what do you mean by that? If you mean to infer that while in Minnesota she must necessarily be in the "country," you are indeed "Little."

Indiana News.

INDIANAPOLIS LITERARY SOCIETY, ETC.

The Literary Society at Indianapolis has met twice since the JOURNAL published the account of its organization. The first of these meetings was held on Saturday evening, June 24th, and this being a business meeting, many new rules were adopted, and as a Treasurer had not been elected at the previous meeting, Mr. C. O. Dantzer was elected to that office.

The second meeting, which was a Literary meeting, was held on Saturday, July 7th.

Mr. C. O. Dantzer delivered an essay on "Society."

The question for debate was: "Is Novel-reading beneficial to the mind?" On the affirmative side, were Messrs. T. R. Michael and J. Cavanaugh; on the Negative side, Messrs. John Johannes and G. Robinson. The debate, which lasted for nearly forty minutes, was well contested; but in the end, the vote stood 6 to 5 in favor of the Negative side. Then came the dialogue, entitled: "Pat's Naturalization," between Messrs. Dantzer and Michael. It brought on plenty of laughing.

Although this dialogue closed the exercises proper of the society, time was allowed for other short speeches.

One of the members, whose name is withheld at his own request, presented a book, entitled: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen," to the Society.

Mr. Sidney J. Vail, one of the teachers of the School, being present, was asked to say a few words, and made a very neat speech. He said he hoped the society would find its name among the list of societies in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and would ever be a pride to the State.

Mr. C. E. Steinwenter also spoke a few words. Among others present were Miss Cora E. Coe and Mrs. Chas. E. Willits.

In one of the back numbers of the JOURNAL, a Reunion of Deaf-Mutes in Indianapolis has been spoken of. Several gentlemen of this city have already long ago thought of this, and it was suggested to take this year, but as we thought of the National Convention, we thought it best to wait till the year following.

CLIPS.

A mute gentleman, while out rowing in the canal a week ago, with friends, had the pleasure of stepping overboard to wash his clothes.

The Fourth was mainly spent indoors. Cause—rain.

There will be an encampment, of the various companies of soldiers, in Indianapolis, about the middle of August. A great time is expected.

C. O. D.

INDIANAPOLIS, 7-9-'83.

THE WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA MUTE PICNIC.

Over ninety mutes, besides a large number of hearing persons, attended the Western Pennsylvania Mute Picnic, near Edgewood, on July 4th. The weather was fine, but very warm. The picnic was a grand success, both social and financially, the receipts exceeding the expenditures to a considerable extent.

Games of various kinds were indulged in, especially "Copenhagen," the popularity of which never diminishes.

The grove where the picnic was held was a cool, convenient and pleasant place.

Dinner and supper were served in an appropriate manner under a muslin tent.

Wheeling, Columbus, Stubenville, Erie, Philadelphia, Allegheny, Pittsburg, and many other towns, were well represented.

Hurrah for the picnic of 1883!

The Pittsburg Dispatch has the following concerning the event:

"A silent picnic was held yesterday by the mutes near Edgewood. To be out of sight with a mute, if not out of mind, is at least to be out of hearing. They are as singular in their picnics as they are in their communcements. No music is furnished for obvious reasons. But any one who imagines that the mutes do not enjoy themselves when together for a day's fun is mistaken. They, too, play Copenhagen with a will, and all the other innocent games which go to make up the schedule of amusements during the Fourth. They are just as gallant in their way, can flirt equally as successfully as their hearing brethren, and are not troubled with the loud talking young man who is continually trying to say something smart. The mute picnic was a success in every particular."

A REPORTER.

Church Work among Deaf-Mutes.

This work has become so important and extensive that it seems right to have it annually remembered by general offerings on the twelfth Sunday after Trinity, on which the Gospel recites our Lord's miracle in curing the deaf and dumb man. The work began with a Bible Class for adult deaf-mutes, in the vestry room of old St. Stephen's Church, corner of Broome and Christopher streets, New York, in September, 1850. This prepared the way for the founding of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes and their friends, in October, 1852, first holding its services in the small chapel of the New York University, then in the Historical Society Building, and at length purchasing the property originally belonging to Christ Church, in West 18th street, near the 5th Avenue, in July 1859. From this time, St. Ann's not only ministered to the deaf-mute residents of New York City and vicinity, but also pioneered sign-services in numerous large cities of our country. In due time, it was found to be expedient to organize a society to supplement and make more effective the general work among deaf-mutes which St. Ann's Church had begun. "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes" was, therefore, incorporated under the general laws of the State of New York, in October, 1872. The Annual Reports of this society have given evidence of its healthy growth and undoubted usefulness. The Tenth Report, in its appendix, contains statements in relation to the independent departments which have recently come into existence; the first, embracing the Dioceses of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware; the second, the Western Dioceses; the third, the Southern Dioceses, and the fourth, the Dioceses of Central and Western New York, leaving to "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes" the Dioceses of New York, Long Island, Albany, Northern New Jersey and the Dioceses of New England. The work is one. The clergy, the lay leaders and the Bible Class teachers, are all striving to lead the deaf-mutes of our country to become devout communicants of the Church of Christ.

Much is also accomplished in promoting the temporal welfare of this peculiar people. Twelfth Sunday after Trinity offerings in the first division named above, may be sent to Rev. H. W. Style, 3206 Wallace street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; in the second, to Rev. A. W. Mann, 5 Chestnut street, Cleveland, Ohio; in the third, to Rev. Job Turner, Staunton, Virginia; in the fourth, to Rev. Thomas B. Berry, Trumansburg, New York, and in the last to Rev. Thomas Galland, D.D., General Manager, 9 West 18th street, New York, or to Mr. William Jewett, Treasurer, 49 Lispenard street, New York.

The Lowell Deaf-Mute Picnic.

The deaf-mutes of Lowell appear to have learned long ago the very necessary lessons of self-dependence. Therefore they were perhaps not so very greatly disappointed at finding that though many were invited to their picnic of yesterday, very few of their own number responded. There were a few mutes from Manchester, Nashua and Salem; but scarcely anyone from Boston, although a considerable delegation was expected from that city. It was hoped, especially as the picnic was well advertised and the invitation was general, that a considerable number of our citizens would drive over from curiosity, to see so many silent ones together, and from a willingness to assist those who labor under so great difficulties. Very few such attended, however. The uncertain weather of the afternoon had probably something to do with this result, and the fact that, by reason of inadvertence on the part of Mr. Bowers, the party were compelled to change from Willow Dale to Long Pond, probably kept many at home.

However, the members of the Lowell Silent Society were there in full number, and it would be difficult to find a company anywhere who showed greater evidence of thorough enjoyment of a holiday. There were about fifty of the party—nearly all mutes. The greater part went over in Huntton's large barges, and a merry old time they had of it. At the pond, the day was pleasantly spent in boating, base ball, and other sports, and especially in social games in the dining-hall. The quietude of the eye and the sharpness of the wits of these unfortunates is simply marvelous, and we have seldom witnessed a more interesting exhibition. Manual conversation was carried on with astonishing rapidity, and the zest with which the sport was enjoyed was refreshing in the extreme to all outside beholders.

The place of the picnic was at Mrs. Batchelder's grove. A more kindly, genial, motherly woman never entertained a party, and she did everything in her power to make her guests enjoy themselves. The place has many natural advantages and all the artificial ones which are essential to the enjoyment of a party not exceeding a hundred. The hostess is prepared to cater to any party, on reasonable notice, and if her fish chowders are always equal to that of yesterday, they will never be surpassed. Financially, although the picnic of the mutes was not a success, it was not a defeat; the proceeds of the party will nearly, though not entirely cover the expenses.

—*Lowell Times, June 28th.*

Two periods in every woman's history when she can't open her mouth—before she is born and after she is dead. Hoo-ray.

ST. LOUIS.

The Deaf-Mute Club's Monthly
Matinee.

CHURCH SERVICE.

The big guns of the Deaf-Mute Club gathered together, twenty-five more or less, Saturday evening, at their palatial wigwag, for the purpose of holding the dryest meeting we ever saw—we say dry, because the boys perambulated with alarming frequency between their chairs and the water cooler, so frequently, indeed, that it soon gave out; and besides, the business transacted was of precious little importance, beyond the treasurer remembering to shove the contribution box under our nose for monthly dues, and the appointment of Mr. J. C. McGowan as treasurer, vice Mr. A. W. Kohlmetz, retired, owing to important business requiring his spare time. The captain of the Clippers offered to bring his team of "sluggers" to the picnic to play the big mutes again, for the amusement of the picnicers, but the big mutes respectfully declined to cross bats with the young mutes again, especially while their girls would laugh at them if they got whipped. The meeting then adjourned—for refreshments.

Rev. A. W. Mann held his usual church service at Christ Church Chapel, Sunday afternoon, July 8th, to a good sized assemblage of mutes considering the warm weather and other attractions calculated to make the mutes wander off somewhere else. The service was as interesting as everything Mr. Mann does usually is. He will come back to this wicked village, August 12th, to hold services at the same church, and the following day, will take in the Deaf-Mute Club's picnic.

MISCELLANEOUS SHORT STORIES.

The Columbus base ball team came down this week, to try the metal of the St. Louis Browns, and found them just a "leettle" too tough for Columbus' good, as the boys from the "Buckeye" State led three games behind them, though they took one with them on account of errors of a couple of St. Louis' most reliable men. The mutes took more interest in the Columbus boys than in any club that ever struck this town, owing to the fact of one of their pitcher's being deaf. Dundon created a very favorable impression with every one who saw him, and the papers say if his pitching was not so effective as the Browns' were, it probably was because the catcher could not perfectly understand him, and anyhow as a fielder and batsman, he certainly can hold his own with the best of them. The boys turned out in full force at every game in which he appeared, and Mr. Dundon expressed himself as being highly pleased with the "future great." This being his first visit here, he labored under the delusion this was a "one horse village." At the Thursday game, Mrs. Guss and Miss Delia Mitchell were present, besides numerous young men.

The Clipper Base Ball Club, is not eggs-actly a corpse yet, if so, it is unusually lively, as the boys will resume playing next week with a stronger nine than before, and we are told if any hearing club of its size can whip it, they must get up early in the morning. Lamb will be at the discharging and Martin at the receiving end of the battery after this.

Messrs. Will Stafford, Edgar Hazard, J. J. Smith and Ed. Beetle, celebrated the glorious Fourth at Creve Coeur Lake, being afraid to shoot off their arsenal in town, for fear a couple of the "finest" would gather them in. This quartette of "dead shots" (?) came back to the city to give the boys some remarkable fables about their shooting abilities, and exhibited a palm-leaf fan to corroborate their story; but alas, their yarns agreed to disagree; for each one vowed that he made more bull's eyes than the other. We have serious doubts if either of the young men stopped to look in a bull's eye, much less shoot at it when the bull meant business.

Mr. Edward Campbell, who is a crayon artist of no mean ability, has a number of orders requiring his attention, and expects to be able to gather in some loose change from his business before school starts up again. Edward is laying away his surplus funds with so much care that there must be a wedding in the wind ere many seasons fly. The girl who gets him will catch a fine fish, and no mistake.

Messrs. Will and Johnny Campbell returned from Clarksville, Mo., well pleased with their trip, and say they had lots of fun, but fishing was no good as the weather was too warm. Having some leisure time on the fifth, Hugh Lamb, Joseph Schrandner and Martin Frounack, put on their war paint to go after the fish in Bowman's Lake. After they returned, we resolved ourselves into a committee to investigate what luck they had. Hugh Lamb growled "they had fun, oh yes, but too much to suit him," and said "he pulled the boys something like four miles in the boat with the thermometer near one hundred, only to catch a couple of miserable dog fish between them, and that he solemnly believed if he could find the chap who said there was good fishing there, the coroner would have to hold an inquest."

Not content with their previous experience, Joseph Schrandner and Martin Frounack, accompanied by Samuel

Perlmutter, hid themselves away to the bank of the Mississippi, but "nary" fish rewarded their heroic efforts; on the contrary, Sammy's gorgeous nine dollar pants were spoiled, as he sat down in a mud bank against his will, Joe nearly became food for fishes, and a heavy shower catching them unprepared, made them the sickest looking set of anglers we ever wish to see.

Mr. Charles Wolff, one of St. Louis' popular boys, shook St. Louis dust from his shoes and hid his long legs and infant mustache away to the "wicked town of 'she-cargo,'" and Dame Rumor says Charley is contemplating getting a "better half," if so, for goodness sake don't go near Chicago, as the girls up there are proverbial for the size of their feet, and nobody short of a bank president could foot up their bills for shoe leather. If any one says this is a libel, all right.

Messrs. John Bowé and Hugh Lamb each mourn the loss of a relative—John lost his sister and feels very bad about it, but should remember that the time will come when he may join her again. Hugh says his grandmother having passed the allotted three score years and ten, it was God's right to take her away.

Mr. Ashbel Merrell blossoms out in a new set of togs, and as usual the irrepressible treating fiend obliged him to set 'em up.

JIM JAMS.

July 15, '83.

Maryland News.

The Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb is closed, and all the teachers and pupils are away to spend their vacation at home.

Prof. C. W. Ely and family, are now at the Hotel Manassa, Blook Island, R. I., and they will enjoy a very pleasant recreation on the sea-shore for several weeks.

The pupils will return to school after the celebration of the Baltimore Oriole, which is to take place a week before our school re-opens, on Tuesday, September 18th.

Prof. C. H. Hill has gone to visit his parents and relatives in Fayetteville, N. C., and in Richmond, Va.

On the 27th of June, Miss Margaret Getz, of Baltimore, who graduated here some years ago with high distinction, was married, at Rev. Mr. Ingle's parsonage, in Frederick City, to Mr. Henry H. Skinner, Supervisor at the Deaf and Dumb Institution. Mrs. Skinner is visiting her relatives and friends in her native city.

Mr. Chas. M. Grow, Jr., returned home from the Western Maryland College, at Westminster, Md., to remain two months with his parents, whose home is pleasantly situated in Frederick City.

The Baltimore pupils will have a reunion picnic, at No. 8 grove, Druid Hill Park, on Thursday, August 9th. It is expected that there will be a large number of deaf-mutes and friends to participate in the reunion.

Wm. R. Barry, Esq., of Baltimore, one of the Board of Directors of the Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was at the annual meeting on Tuesday, June 20th, and was appointed Vice-President in place of Wm. I. Ross, Esq., of Frederick City, who died last March. Miss Annie B. Barry, one of our teachers, is his only daughter.

Miss A. O. Crumbacker, who had held the position of matron for eight years, having served as housekeeper for four years, tendered, at the close of the term, her resignation, on account of her health, and Miss Lizzie Shugh, of Carroll County, Md., was elected to succeed her.

Prof. C. M. Grow and family will spend part of their time in visiting friends in the neighborhood of Frederick County, and joining some Sabbath-School picnics at different places. He regrets his inability to be present at the National Convention of Deaf-Mutes in New York, in August, as he had anticipated the pleasure of meeting some of his old friends, whom he had not seen for more than a quarter of a century. He wishes great success to the Convention, and will be glad to publish in the Bulletin some of the proceedings, if some one will send them to him.

For the Alaska Base Ball Club.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I read an item in the Journal of the 27th of June, that the Alaska Base Ball Club would like to play a game of base ball with a picked nine from any part of this country, during the Convention. I am organizing a good nine. I have secured some of the best players in New England, and we will challenge the Alaska Base Ball Club to play with us. I will give the names and positions of the players in our nine to be printed in the JOURNAL next week. We wish to know where the Alaska propose to play. A lively contested game may be expected.

Wm. H. McCann.

WATERBURY, Ct., July 16, '83.

Hoboken, N. J., Breezes.

John Kuckens helps his brother John. He will attend the New Jersey Institution in the Fall.

Miss Martha Wortendyke attended an excursion, given by the Church of which her parents are members, last week. Although the only deaf-mute, she says she had a "big" time.

Richard Clinton, John Welch and Miss Davenport, were seen in Hoboken recently.

Annie and Edward Gundersdorff, of the "Hudson County House," of Hoboken, N. J., go to the theatre regularly every week.

Fred W. Meinken, formerly of Jersey City Heights, N. J., but now of New York City, visited friends in Hoboken last Sunday.

Little Willie Reid, of Hoboken, N. J., seems to enjoy his vacation. He makes frequent visits to "Elysian Fields," and has lots of fun playing with little hearing boys.

Chas. Uphrighard is working in a baker shop in New York City for the summer.

John Gearly a graduate of the Philadelphia Institution, has been steadily working in a Hoboken lead-pencil manufactory for three years.

James Williams, of Jersey City N. J., is working in a meat market. He expects to attend the New Jersey Institution at Trenton in the Fall.

Geo. W. Gross, of Jersey City, N. J., is driving an ice wagon again this summer.

More anon.

PHXY.

NEW YORK.

(From our Breezy Correspondent.)

Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald and wife, of this city, leave, this week, for a two weeks' respite from the roar and the rattle.

Solomon Cornelius has not been in the best of health for the past two weeks. After the picnic of the Manhattan Literary Association, by the advice of his physician, he will spend three weeks in the country.

Charles O'Brien and Miss Emily Ludwig visited High Bridge on the 15th inst.

Miss Lizzie Noble will not be present at to-day's excursion. She has gone to Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y., to remain several weeks. Her little niece died the fore part of this month.

James H. Caton, the deaf, dumb and blind mute, of the New York Institution, is in the city. He will remain in town until Saturday. He is accompanied by Austin Sinclair, a pupil of the same school.

William H. Fomire, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., is in town, and will remain a short time.

James O'Neil returned from Saratoga Springs, N. Y., the first of the week. He is reported to be looking hale and hearty after absorbing oceans of mineral water.

Alex L. Pach is finally installed at Ocean Grove, N. J., where he will remain for the season.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet sailed for Europe a few days ago. Rev. Dr. Stoddard, of the New York Institution, has also gone.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Trustees for the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will be held at St. Ann's Church, on Wednesday, July 25th, at 8 o'clock p.m. sharp.

A good sized congregation was at St. Ann's last Sunday.

FANWOOD.

Odds and Ends from the New York Institution.

HERE AND THERE AMONG OUR PUPILS.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

John Connors met an uneducated deaf-mute, nineteen years old, named Arthur Philip, last week. His parents own a canal boat which stops at West Troy, N. Y.

A few of the male and female servants participated in the McAvoy excursion Wednesday of last week. Peter Mitchell and C. Karsidde, feeling lonesome, visited the Institution last week.

Mr. Randall, Steward of the Willard Insane Asylum, with which Dr. Carson was formerly connected, called on Thursday of last week.

Geo. Porter, A. Capelli, W. Durian, John Lloyd, Jr., and H. C. Valentine, will attend the Manhattan Literary Excursion to-day.

Miss Prudence Lewis left for her vacation Thursday morning last. One big heart pineth in New York City.

Mrs. Totten, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes that she wishes the European voyagers a safe passage and a pleasant time in the Old World. She gave Dr. Peet, previous to his departure, letters of introduction to relatives in Florence, Italy.

Last week, Arthur L. Thomas, of Catskill, N. Y., spent a couple of days in Germantown, N. Y.

The last of June, James Nash presented Supervisor Stowell with an elegant volume of "The Lives of our Presidents, from Washington to Arthur." James never forgets his friends.

Wm. Ennis leaves Albany for Rome, N. Y., this week, where he expects to remain until fall. He is anxious to learn the whereabouts of Elmer E. Smith.

Miss Myra L. Barrager expects to call on her friend, Miss Bella Fisher, of Dunkirk, N. Y., the latter part of this month. A high old time is anticipated.

Anthony Capelli came pretty near having his nose smashed to smithereens one day last week. One of the typos was playfully swinging a hammer attached to a handle, when it flew off with great force whizzing past the aforesaid nasal appendage and striking Chas. Sparrow on the arm, inflicting a painful hurt. Score one for Anthony.

Seymour A. Berray is helping his daddy in his store at Walton, N. Y. He expects to work in the Reporter office soon.

Supervisor Stowell met a deaf-mute named Hunt, a graduate of the Institution, in the city a few days ago. Hunt acknowledged Mr. Stowell's recognition, but immediately excused himself by saying: "I am a detective, on the lookout for robbers; good day," and bolted down the street.

H. A. Schenkenberg is spending his vacation in Oakland, Bergen Co., N. J.

Peter Brede is driving a baker's wagon in Jersey City.

Henry Valentine's right arm suddenly refused to work Thursday last. He was unable to raise it to a level, and he was under the impression that "his time had come." However, the next day, it frisked around the "lower case" in its customary lively manner.

John Wanzel is earning his bread at his uncle's candy refinery in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Misses Agnes Craig and Daisy Holister will soon spend a week with their friend, Mary Fish.

John Garrison, who scooted for Troy several months ago, was arrested and brought to the city recently, at the request of his mother. She desires him to support her.

Miss Martha Hasty calls on Misses Craig and Holister frequently now-a-days.

Charles Morris tied his brother George by a visit Sunday last.

Prof. Jones, a baby carriage and two fine babies, enliven 10th Avenue daily.

On Saturday, little Johnny O'Brien tramped to the Central Park and back again.

Henry Betz is learning cigarmaking at McCoy's cigar factory. Thomas Holland is employed there.

Miss Caddie B. Felver called on her friend, Miss Annie Bryan, Saturday last.

Theodore Lounsbury celebrated his birthday on the 11th. He was up Sunday, ate a hearty supper, and puffed innumerable cigarettes.

Among the Fanwoodites at St. Ann's Sunday last, were John Lloyd, Jr., T. Lounsbury, P. Mitchell, John Vallely (Class of '83), and Helen Regan.

Mr. Chas. O'Brien and the future Mrs. Chas. O'Brien, were up at Fort Washington on Sunday.

The Negro boy who was in Roosevelt Hospital at the same time with George Wormeth, was here Sunday afternoon last. He is a rapid finger speller, and is unusually intelligent for one of his class.

Supervisor Stowell met Mr. McAnlay, a former teacher of the Buffalo School, while in the city last week.

Ex-Supervisor Sloat, of Catskill, was in the city a couple of weeks ago, but did not call.

Martha J. Ray is an expert swimmer. We believe she is the only girl (pupil) in the Institution who is able to swim.

Matthew Charleton, a carpenter of this city, called on the 15th. He came to this country from Ireland last October, and is an intelligent young fellow.

James H. Caton, the blind deaf-mute, accompanied by Anstin Sinclair, called on Monday. He will attend the M. L. A. Excursion to-day, and start for home Saturday next.

Slandrous Charges.

"If any speak ill of thee, flee home to thine own conscience, and examine thine heart; if guilty, it is a just correction; if not guilty, it is a fair instruction. Make use of both—so shalt thou distill honey out of gall, and out of an open enemy, a secret friend."—Quaker.

Probably no one that has arrived at the age of discretion, has wholly escaped having some slanderous charge brought against him, and the more prominent he is, the more numerous the charges—for slander, like death, loves a shining mark. Slander is like a snowball. One can make a small snowball, and by rolling it over and over form a ball as big as a house. There are a great many persons among us whose sole business in life seems to be to roll these balls of slander. They begin with an atom of truth—a small unintentional blunder—and by exaggeration make it out to be an intentional crime. There is a proverb that "falsehood travels seven leagues while truth is putting on its boots." A great deal of harm is done by these slanderers of course, but not as much as is commonly thought. They are soon found out, and once unmasked very few persons whose good opinions are worth having, ever believe in them again. Of course, one can bring a suit for damages against them if one feels so inclined, but under ordinary circumstances that is scarcely worth the trouble. The uncertainty of lawsuits is proverbial, and besides in case the suit was decided against the slanderer and he was ordered to pay damages, his family, often innocent of his misdeeds, would suffer. It would probably be a great deal more satisfactory to the feelings if we were able to give the slanderer a sound thrashing, but that, unfortunately, is against the law, and if we were to do so we might be arrested. Then, too, the slanderer might be a bigger and stronger man than ourselves, and instead of whipping him we might get whipped. So that plan of punishing him must be dismissed from our minds. We now come to the third and by far the best method of meeting slanderous charges, and that is—to pass them by in contemptuous silence. If a man raises a howl every time any body brings a slanderous charge against him, he will be very apt to have numerous charges of that kind brought against him, for the slanderer, seeing how he suffers, will feel greatly encouraged, whereas if he is treated with contempt, he will soon stop. By pursuing the above course, the slandered individual will spare both himself and friends a great deal of trouble, whereas if he goes rushing around, asking every one "Did you hear what—said of me. There is not a word of truth in it. Do you believe it?" he will be voted not only a bore but a fool. A fool because he lowers himself by defending himself against charges which no one who knows him believes. The above is especially true in regard to newspaper attacks under *pseudonym* or ever under the writer's true name. Writers for the press, I am sorry to say, are not always as careful as they could easily be, and so things are often printed which had better not have been; but then, if the person attacked would pass by the attack with contemptuous indifference, the public would soon forget all about it, but if he replies, it is just like pouring oil on a fire—the blaze is greater. Of course, it is right to reply sometimes to attacks of this character, but if those who are prominent among us had to reply every time any thing was said about them, a notice something like the following had better be published: "I wish to give warning that if—says anything, either in conversation or print about me, the public must not believe him, for he is always slandering me." Any one can make the above stronger, if he likes, by adding in the fashion of the old days of chivalry, "he lies in his throat, and I will prove it on his body." There is no accounting for tastes. Some people whom I know seem always on the watch to hear something said against them, and make both themselves and every one around them unhappy by worrying over the attacks. If they would only stop a moment and think, they would find that these attacks really did them honor, for they showed that the person who uttered the slander was jealous of them and wanted to bring them down to his level.

Mahomet was once bitterly attacked and slandered by an enemy. In battle, he took his enemy prisoner, and ordered one of his officers to cut out his tongue. The officer thought Mahomet meant his order to be taken literally, but one of Mahomet's friends explained that it was to be taken in an allegorical way, and leading Mahomet's enemy to a large herd of cattle, told him that they were all his. The man's tongue was cut out effectually, and he became one of Mahomet's warmest friends. Just so, now, if we treat those who slander us kindly, of course, being always on our guard and not trusting them, they will soon get tired of attacking us, and in the end may possibly become our friends.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

LIFE AT OCEAN GROVE.

Opening of the Season.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Among our first arrivals, I was very happy to meet Prof. W. H. Weeks, of the American Asylum, at the Post Office a few evenings since, and he expressed great pleasure at meeting a Journal reporter, and invited me to call at his residence. Accordingly, I betook myself to Tent No. 12, directly fronting the Auditorium, where I found him and his very pleasant wife enjoying the pleasure of tent-life. Mr. Weeks' sojourn here will be short, owing to his "gardening and poultry cares," which await him at home. Though nearly fifty-three years of age, he is never content unless occupied with some work. They will leave here about the 22d inst.

Miss Allen, the mute sister of Mrs. W. H. Weeks, who is known to all Kendall Green students, as the courteous, obliging matron of the National Deaf-Mute College, is stopping with her sister. She came down on Saturday.

Some 5000 people attended the beach meeting, Sunday evening. Sermons, singing, etc., common to devotional exercises, was the programme carried out, but the most interesting feature was the rendering of the Ninety-third Psalm in the sign-language, by Prof. Weeks, of Hartford.

Messrs. Weeks and Pachel called on Mrs. Smithson on Friday evening, and while away the hours in pleasant conversation. Mrs. Smithson, with her daughter Freddie, and a few of her relatives, will stay the entire season.

An excursion, bringing a Colored Church Sunday School down, had a deaf-mute on board, but he was not to be found, and on asking an excursionist, he replied on paper: "I dun guess he sold all of his peanuts, and am frowning it away or some of de culled trash what allus is around him when he dun got money." The Newark "Colored gentleman" has our regrets.

During a storm here last winter, a large coasting schooner was wrecked on the beach just below Lillagore's bathing grounds, in the spot known as "The Lover's Retreat." She is named the "Laura Bridgman," but whether in honor of the deaf, dumb and blind lady of that name, or not, we are unable to say.

Among the passengers on the Nevada last week, when Dr. Peet, Prof. Gamage and Mr. Hodgson sailed, were Mr. F. Combs and his son Willie, the latter, a deaf-mute and a pupil of the Tarrytown Branch of the New York Institution. They are going to England for the former's health.

Mr. W. H. Weeks, as before stated, occupies Tent No. 12, and boards at the Lake View House.

Mrs. Fannie Smithson occupies an elegant large cottage at 6th and Grand Aves, north of Sunset Lake.

Miss Annabel Hunt resides at Heck and Pennsylvania Aves.

Miss Alice Ashton, with her parents, live at Heck and Whitefield Aves.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lipsett are at Ocean Beach, a few miles below Ocean Grove.

Mr. Geo. Hall is living at Tent No. 9, Auditorium Circle.

Mr. Alex. L. Pach is domiciled for the season at the Norman House, on Central Ave., near Bath Ave.

The Sonneborn cottage, at Long Branch, shines resplendent in a new coat of paint. During the winter, it was entirely altered, and is now one of the prettiest of the "Queen Anne" style there.

Among the persons attached to the two Pach Bros.' establishments here, are Misses S. A. Mann, Maggie McDermott, and Messrs. Atkinson, Lane, Neale, Hill and Bouman. The last named, familiarly known to all the mutes as "Bob," is quite an adept at manual alphabet spelling. They, together with Alex, are all boarding at one hotel, the Norman House, kept by Mrs. C. R. Priest, who, should any mutes come here, would find her a genial and accommodating hostess.

A young lad, named Geo. Hall, a pupil at the Tarrytown Branch of the New York Institution, is living here with his parents.

Any one who feels disposed to attend the Monmouth Park race, can make use of the following advice, and will not find themselves in the predicament "X" found himself on the 4th of July. Take rail line, either Pennsylvania or Central Railroad, of New Jersey direct to the track. Tickets for both ways and admission to the track are only \$1.50, while the route taken by "X" (by Plymouth Rock to Long Branch, and thence by stage), costs \$2.10, not considering the long passage, dusty roads, etc., to which one has to submit.

Will those mutes, coming here during the season, please register their names at the Post Office, as the register is daily scanned by The Man About-Town-Out-of-Town.

GRAMMAR IN GEORGIA.

"The boy climb the tree and made the coon git," wrote a Burke County teacher on the blackboard. "Now, pupils, where's the bad grammar in that sentence?" None dared hazard a conjecture. The pedagogue called them a set of wooden heads, with brains as soft as squash pie. Then he triumphantly altered the "git" into "get" and bade them admire the pure, unadulterated sentence as it stood fresh from the hands of a master.—Savannah (Ga.) Recorder.

How Greenbacks Are Made.

None of the public institutions of the Capital has the fascination of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. It is here where greenbacks—the prettiest and finest money in the world—are made. When you enter the Bureau you are politely bowed to a sitting room where you register your name and occupation, if you have any. In a few minutes, a guide comes and calls, "This way, please." Every morning a heavy box of a vehicle, looking like a huge iron safe on wheels, trundles from the Treasury over to the Bureau, bringing the paper destined to return as money. Every one of this myriad sheet is counted at the Treasury and charged to the Bureau. Every one must be returned in perfect money, or even if spoiled by some unlucky accident. The careful account thus begun continues through the many handlings of that precious paper, guarding every avenue of fraud, making every human being who touches it honest as the conductor's bell-punch is honest, because it is impossible to be otherwise.

In a room on the first floor are the engravers, about a score of them, bending under the mellow, milk-white shades, patiently putting features, expression, grace and language into the resisting steel. On the walls hang some rare specimens of their cunning. A finished money plate is a work of art, and would cost about \$1,500. The Government pays skilled engravers so well that counterfeiting loses much of its charm. The great vaults in this room hold the plates, and there they rest every night. The locks are set so that they cannot be opened until seven o'clock every morning, and then only by the presence and aid of three officials, each with a different key.

Up stairs, we see the plates in use on a hundred engravers' presses. The men run these presses, while the girls lay the paper in place and take it away with the clear impression on it as it smokes from the heat necessary in the process. The pressmen are paid by the piece, and some of them acquire a wonderful dexterity. They are required to pay the girl \$1.25 a day out of their wages, but I saw one who had \$5.50 left for himself on an average day's work. Every turn of the lever on the press registers, and at the day's close each pressman has to account for every sheet he has handled.

The money is printed from bills on the sheet. After being numbered and receiving the seal it goes to another room, where it is counted again and placed in a drying machine, very much like a patent peach dryer. When thoroughly dry, the sheets of four bills each are put under a pressure of six or eight tons, and this gives a new bill its independent stiffness, so that it wants to get right out of your pocket. The bills are then severed and done up in packages of one thousand each. These are carried to a room where the final count takes place.

All the best counters are women. Most of them are paid by the number, and some of them have fingers of wonderful limberness. One woman is pointed out to everybody. She has a national reputation. She can count a thousand bills in six minutes, the fastest time on record; and in all the millions she has counted has never made a single mistake! When the money is finally counted, it goes to the vaults and thence to the Treasury.—Washington Letter in Atlanta Constitution.

New Postage Law.

The new postal regulations which go into effect in July and October are as follows:

On and after Oct. 1, 1883, letter postage will be two cents for each half ounce or fractional part thereof, between all points in the United States. The rates will then be the same on drop letters and all others. No changes have been made in rates on other classes of matter.

On and after the first of July, 1883, you can obtain at any money-order office postal notes in sums of \$5 and under by paying a fee of three cents. These postal notes will be payable to bearer without corresponding advice. They will be payable at any money-order office within three months from the date of issue. After the lapse of that time the holder can obtain the par value only by applying at the Post-office Department at Washington.

On and after the first of July, 1883, you can obtain a postal money-order for as large a sum as \$100. The present limit is \$50. The fees on and after that date, for orders, will be as follows: Not exceeding \$10, 8 cts.; from \$10 to \$15, 10 cts.; from \$15 to \$30, 15 cts.; from \$30 to \$40, 20 cts.; from \$40 to \$50, 25 cts.; from \$50 to \$60, 30 cts.; from \$60 to \$70, 35 cts.; from \$70 to \$80, 40 cts.; from \$80 to \$100, 45 cts.

After the first of October, the cost of sending any sum under \$5 by postal note will be five cents—two cents postage and three cents fee.

Oh, listen to the water-wheel thro' all the live-long day;
"Your salary will stop about the time you lose your pay."
The fellow at the ladder's top, to him all glory goes,
And the fellow at the bottom is the fellow no one knows.
No good are all the 'had beens,' for in country and in town,
Nobody cares how high you've been when once you have come down.
When once you have been President, and are President no more,
You may run a farm or teach a school, or keep a country store.
No one will ask about you, you never will be missed,
The mill will only grind for you while you supply the grist.
Burlington Enquirer.

SHARP.

It is a sign of weakness in a man to disguise the marks of approaching old age by the artifices of the toilet—or the signs of any defect of nature, unless it is repulsive to others, as gray hair certainly is not. Many a joke has been uttered at the expense of persons who have done this. The New York News recalls one connected with Col. W. B. Snowhook, the well-known Irish lawyer of Chicago.

Col. Snowhook, although of advanced years, never showed gray hairs, or confessed to being an old man.

Some years ago, Mr. Charles McDonald, an old lawyer, was counsel in a case on trial in which Col. Snowhook was counsel on the other side. In the closing arguments, before giving the case to the jury, Col. Snowhook spoke:

"Your honor and gentlemen of the jury," said the colonel, "I am surprised that the counsel on the other side, whose gray hairs indicate his age and ought to indicate his wisdom, should make the statement he has made," and then proceeded with his argument.

Mr. McDonald followed: "Your honor and gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I acknowledge the reference of counsel on the other side, to my gray hair. My hair is gray, and it will be as long as I live. The hair of that gentleman is black, and will continue to be black as long as he dyes."—New York News.

Poor Boys.

John Adams, second President of the United States, was the son of a farmer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was raised in the pine woods for which the State is famous.

James K. Polk spent the earlier part of his life in helping to dig a living out of a new farm in North Carolina. He was afterwards a clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer, and his home a very humble one. He learned the business of clothier.

James Buchanan was born in a small town in the Alleghany Mountains. His father cut the logs and built his own house in what was then a wilderness.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a very poor Kentucky farmer, and lived in a log cabin until he was twenty-one years of age.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years, by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and picked up whatever education he got.

General Grant lived the life of a common boy in a common house on the banks of the Ohio River until he was seventeen years of age.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on a farm until the time he was strong enough to use carpenter's tools, when he learned the trade. He afterwards worked on the canal.

THE TEETH.

Perfect features and a comely form are of little account if every witty word or sunny smile reveals decayed, broken, and bad teeth. A good dentist is often the best friend of beauty.

Sound teeth are equally essential to health. Food will not be duly masticated and digested without them. The constant breathing of putrid particles into the lungs, to be absorbed into the blood, tends to poison the system. Further, the inflammations to which diseased teeth give rise are the cause of many severe headaches and earaches, and affections of the eye and stomach which are doctored in vain so long as the cause is not suspected.

Hints for the Household.

Do not waste.
Eat without noise.
Appreciate your home.
Have all rooms well ventilated.
Oat straw is best for filling beds.
Place salt on the plate, and not on the table-cloth.
Never wash dishes in cold and greasy dish-water.
Children's opinions should be respectfully listened to.
Why invite persons to visit you whom you care not for?
The food goes to the mouth, not the month to the food.
To exclude all light is the secret of keeping dried fruits.
No true lady will intentionally injure the feelings of others.
The sitting-room should be put in order every night before retiring.
In cake making, beat the butter to a cream before adding the sugar and eggs.
It is poor economy to sweep carpets with stubs and scrub with good brooms.
It is out of taste to crowd rooms with furniture, no matter how expensive.
When cooking cabbage, a small piece of red pepper in the water will in a measure kill the unpleasant odor.
Give domestics all the privileges possible. Be kind yet firm, and treat them like human beings. Never find fault when irritated or angry. A quiet talk when all feeling has passed away, will do more toward a reform than a volley of thunder.

OUR MERE.

We get back our mere as we measure, we cannot do wrong and feel right; Nor can we give pain and get pleasure. For justice avenges each slight.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY

FINE GOLD WATCHES.

Stem-winding, \$50 to \$75 and upward.

Ladies' \$25 to \$60 and upward.

SILVER HUNTING AMERICAN WATCHES

Stem-winding, \$12 to \$18.

Our reputation for good time-keeping Watches has been known for forty years, and our standard is better than ever.

JEWELRY, Silver and Plated Ware

of all the newest designs, always in stock. We challenge comparison for quality of work in

WATCH REPAIRING

all of which is done on the premises.

Old Gold and Silver taken in Exchange.

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ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

GRAND PICNIC AND GAMES

OF THE

C. L. & B. U.

AT THE

Empire City Colosseum.

68th & 69th Streets, East River.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 31ST, 1883.

Day After the National Convention.

PROGRAMME OF GAMES.

Seventy-five yards run for deaf-mute championship of the United States.

Four hundred and forty yards run for boys under 16, open to all.

One-half mile run, for deaf-mutes only.

One mile walk, open to all.

Tug of War, teams of four men each. Total weight of teams must not exceed 600 pounds. For deaf-mutes only.

Running broad jump, open to all.

Individual Tug of War, for deaf-mutes only.

Five-mile go-as-you-please, open to all.

All from scratch.

Gold and Silver Medals to First and Second in Each Event.

Entrance fee to four men Tug of War, \$3 a team; to boys' race, 50 cents; to all others, 75 cents each event (not returnable). Entries close August 25th, 1883, with J. F. Donnelly, 56 Raymond Street, Brooklyn. Remit by Registered Letter or Money Order, payable at Brooklyn Post office. Games begin at 1 p.m. sharp. Dancing at 3 p.m. Games open to all deaf-mutes.

Tickets Admitting Gent and Lady, 50 cts. Extra Lady's Ticket 25 Cents.

MUSIC BY LUSTER.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS: J. F. DONNELLY, Chairman, J. F. O'BRIEN, J. D. SHELTON, J. P. DONOHUE, THOMAS HOLLAND.

Rev. T. B. Berry's Appointments.

Geneva, Trinity Church, July 11th, 7.30 p.m. Syracuse, Trinity Church, July 15th, 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Montreal, St. John's Church, " 18th, 7.30 p.m. Malone, " 20th, " 22d, " " The Holy Communion will be administered for the Deaf-Mutes of Watertown at the morning service.

An opportunity will be given those desiring Holy Baptism. An offering is asked from the mutes at each service.

Insure in a Safe Association.

The undersigned Secretary-Treasurer and General Agent of and for the Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Benefit Association of Mexico, N. Y., begs permission to present a few ideas, which he hopes every reader of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL will carefully note and bestow upon them candid consideration.

Question 1. Is life insurance an object? Answer. Every sensible man and woman will readily concede that it is.

Q. 2. With what shall I insure? A. Most assuredly in a Company or Association encompassed with safeguards sufficient to guarantee the assured against a possibility of loss.

Q. 3. Is it possible, in the days of human degeneracy and frauds that such an institution can be found?

A. It is not only possible, but a self-evident fact, well-qualified and duly established.

Q. 4. Wonder of wonders! Are we living in an age of miracles?

A. Not necessarily. It simply points us to the sublime truth that, although selfishness, greed and fraud are preponderant sins which marshall their mighty hosts on the plains of life, there is still encompassed in humanity a tincture of inherent goodness, and a desire to benefit others.

Q. 5. "Tis strange! 'Tis passing strange!" Can you cite such a case of such extreme self-disinterestedness, looking for the best interests of humanity?

A. We can; and we are prepared to vouch for it.

Q. 6. Will you give the name of this exceptional example of innate goodness?

A. It is found within the precincts of the Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Benefit Association.

Q. 7. Will you please present for our benefit an abstract statement of the object of the above mentioned institution, together with its professed advantages?

A. With the most exquisite pleasure. The Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Benefit Association was incorporated in conformity with the insurance laws of the State of New York during the winter of 1882-3, having its articles of incorporation filed in the office of the Secretary of State and the County Clerk of Oswego County.

The objects of the Association are three-fold, viz